

OUTING OF THE SULLIVANS

BIG TIM AND 6,000 OTHERS GO TO COLLEGE POINT.

Mike the Wreck Goes Only Part Way for Reasons of His Own. Big Crowd of Politicians and Their Friends Make a Day of It About and Ashore.

The battleship Grand Republic of Big Tim's chowder fleet spilled two similarly shaped objects into the East River at exactly 12:07 P. M. yesterday. One of these was a beer keg, empty; the other was Mike the Wreck, fairly full. The T. D. Sullivan Association continued on up the river to College Point, having no further use for either.

Mr. Wreck was not pushed into the drink. Whatever you think about the Sullivan, they don't pull any rough stuff of that kind. Mr. Wreck did a brook over the taffrail of the Grand Republic solely and simply to conserve his finances. Having ribbed a sucker, who held by the old-fashioned theory that the eye is quicker than the hand, Mike found it necessary to withdraw from the party.

As second vice-president and corresponding secretary of the Bar Polishes Union of the Sixth Assembly district, Mr. Wreck, fifty-five years of age, a white, a purple necktie had been passed up by far to the Bear Admiral Mike Fadden, a white cap and a purple scarf, marched in the Sullivan's parade yesterday morning from the headquarters at 207 Bowery to the foot of East Third street, where the Grand Republic and the other was yawning for the gorillas. None shouted louder for "The Big Fellow" than Mike, none kept better that perfect lockstep so characteristic of chowder parades.

At the dock Commodore Dutch and Jimmy Kelly, aids to Chief of Staff George Kraus, started themselves at the plank to show the gang—the course of a year some of the gang for that it isn't considered clubby to make a mark between land and land. It is all right to go along 364 days in the year doing the best you can for yourself, but a guy ought to be a genuine the year Dry Dollar gives his racket. For years it has been the boast of the Sullivan's that a guest at their parties might while on board their steamboats hang a diamond ring to his coat. Ashore he is supposed to be wise enough to bury his roll and anchor his jewelry in his phony bones or trained wigs, concluded Commodore Dutch, "an' th' foist mug that forgets he's a guest of 'The Big Fellow' is just a blabbering fool."

Mr. Wreck, shuffling aboard the Grand Republic, heard but did not heed. He had obtained from a pal of his, Manus the Switzer, who was charged with a few weeks ago by Judge Corrigan, a pair of dice that could do everything but sing. Without any loss of time Mike started a crap game forward of the pilot house. There's never a troublemaker aboard a Tammany picnic and in ten minutes Mike was running a \$1 bill and some chicken feed up to regular money. It just happened that the Bear Admiral, a choker leader and president of the Sew Trimmers Union, Mr. Kelly has been referred to in the past as leader of the Paul Kelly (tag, and some money to give him his present title. Stripped of a few weeks ago by Judge Corrigan, a pair of dice that could do everything but sing.

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Everybody on both boats, from Sarapallila Riley to Big Tim, was playing poker, and the higher up in the Grand Republic one climbed the higher one found the stakes. In the parties on the Big Tim, Tom Foley, Senator James F. Smith and others were calling for cards and buying chips with yellow money, while on the engine room deck, where the beer was stacked, you could see a party ante or 10 cent limit. There were a few games of California Jack, and some of the boys were dealing back without a deal. Just sliding into the water, a pack held in the open hand and keeping up the monotonous chant, "Ace wins and Jack loses; trey wins and the ten loses."

Senator Sullivan, who was on his own picnic after the Grand Republic rubbed noses with College Point, but the cards had broken so badly for him that he stayed aboard and kept on filling glasses to somebody else's house and making fools that were trimmed by lesser folk's fours. Tom Foley, one of the best players in Tammany Hall and one of the best players in the city, was as usual. For the first time in years Bob Davis, Democratic leader of Hudson county, wasn't on hand to tilt the Big Fellow.

The poker games stopped a little after noon, when the crowd, at least 6,000, got to Donnelly's Grove, and the chowder party filled up in you could see a party ante or 10 cent limit. There were a few games of California Jack, and some of the boys were dealing back without a deal. Just sliding into the water, a pack held in the open hand and keeping up the monotonous chant, "Ace wins and Jack loses; trey wins and the ten loses."

There was no gambling at College Point. Perhaps the number of police captains and lieutenants at Big Tim's party had something to do with it. Perhaps not; but there was a lot of dipping into the malt. The game was stopped all around by upended kegs and the knots of men, there and there. Minor Sullivan dealt out tickets which were good for more kegs. All afternoon the bars were a jam of thirsty customers. Prize fighters, politicians, and lesser statesmen, in a word, and books rubbed shoulders and said the Sullivan's were all there. Who said they were going back? Pipe the Big Fellow as well as he did the crowd.

Who was the nut that had been "broakin' a few weeks ago?" Jimmy Oliver, Paradise Jimmy, a chair as usual under a shady tree, observed the festivities of men he had seen grow up from kids. Jimmy Oliver, Alderman since Little Tim's death, was a member of ceremonies, and was there on the grounds. Senator Fitzpatrick, successor of Little Tim, was a member of the district, played poker, and the Sullivan's were all there. Who said they were going back? Pipe the Big Fellow as well as he did the crowd.

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BIG FLIGHT RACE NOV. 29.

New Date for International Cup Contest Here. England Consents.

Special Cable Despatches to THE SUN. LONDON, Aug. 29. England has consented to the postponement of the aviation meet in America, at which the international cup will be competed for.

The new date has been fixed for November 29. PARIS, Aug. 29. Aviator Leblanc says that he and Latham will go to America to compete for the international cup now that the American Aero Club has modified the regulations governing the race.

PRIZES FOR AIRMEN. Management of International Meet Will Put Up \$250,000.

The programme for the international aviation tournament, to be held at Belmont Park from October 20 to October 29, was announced yesterday by J. C. McVey, chairman of the committee. During the five days exhibition there will be flights from 2 to 5 every afternoon.

The management has set aside \$250,000 for cash prizes. There will be three prizes of \$50,000 each for duration, speed and altitude. They will be divided into first, second and third money, the winner receiving \$25,000, the second \$15,000 and the third \$10,000. The first prize in the duration contest will go to the aviator who is in the air longest during the entire meeting.

In addition to these prizes it has been arranged to give hourly prizes of \$250 for the fastest, the longest and the highest. The prize for the longest flight will be \$5,000 or \$10,000 for the aviator who shall reach an altitude of 10,000 feet.

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HARRIDGE'S THAW EXPENSES. Federal Grand Jury to Investigate Alleged Tenderloin Expenditures.

Clifford W. Harridge's Tenderloin expenditures in the interest of Harry K. Thaw during the latter's first trial for the murder of Stanford White will be brought to the attention of the Federal Grand Jury to-day. Mr. Harridge put in a bill for \$125,000, a large part of which was for these expenditures, the balance being for more orthodox legal services.

Before closing the trial I wish to refer to the subject of the charges made in the bill of particulars for money paid to various women. If some of the payments charged in the bill were not made there are reasons why an investigation should be made to determine whether grounds for a prosecution for perjury exist in this case.

If all the payments charged in this bill of particulars were made, there is ground for an investigation to determine whether the offense of obstructing the course of justice has been committed. In any case the facts developed on this trial call for a thorough investigation to determine whether the plaintiff has been guilty of professional misconduct calling for action on the part of the court which admitted him to practice law.

I therefore direct that the papers and exhibits in this case be impounded and left with the clerk, and that they be submitted to the District Attorney for consideration whether a prosecution for a criminal offense should be brought and to the grievance committee of the Bar Association for consideration whether any proceedings for professional misconduct should be brought, and I appoint Mr. Rose as referee to report on the matter.

Since then the impounded papers have been in the hands of United States Attorney Wise and have been accessible to the District Attorney, the result of the long examination has been that the whole matter will be referred to the Federal Grand Jury to-day.

MAY SAVE SANDFORD'S KINGDOM.

Captain of the Holy Ghost Yacht Negotiating for a Tug.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 29. Nothing was heard from the Holy Ghost's bark, the Kingdom, ashore at Mud Island, to-day, until Capt. Perry arrived late in the evening. He reports that members of the crew have been hard at work patching the vessel and if a tug can be procured he thinks the vessel can be pulled off.

He had an interview with Capt. and Son and it is believed that arrangements have been entered into whereby the tug Hugh R. will go to the assistance of the vessel whenever her owners decide that the trial to pull her off can be made.

Asked as to the whereabouts of Capt. Sandford, he declined to answer. The Seagulls. Sailing to-day by the North German Lloyd liner Kronprinz Wilhelm, for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen: Senator A. O. Bacon, Mrs. Warren Delano, Lieut. Clyde Eastman, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Edward McLean, Mrs. Albert P. Phillips, Mrs. William Brewster, Prof. A. A. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Tullman and Mrs. George Vassar.

Passengers by the Holland-America liner New Amsterdam, for Plymouth, Bournemouth and Rotterdam: Baroness (castell), Mrs. Willard Bruce, Mrs. and Mrs. Thomas Balmer, William A. Gale, Mrs. L. B. Goulding, Dr. Ernest King, Gardner Lathrop, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Rhodes and Mrs. Shipman Whipple.

Curfew Ordinance for Yonkers. YONKERS, Aug. 29.—At the meeting of the Common Council to-night the ordinance of Alderman Thomas Tobin to establish the curfew in Yonkers and compel all children under the age of 16 years to be off the streets by 10 o'clock at night was adopted by a vote of 8 to 1.

Swift & Company's sales of Fresh Beef in New York City for the week ending Saturday, Aug. 27, averaged 5.50 cents per pound—Ad.

GERTRUDE QUINLAN AS PATSY

A NEW FAIR IN THIRTY-NINTH STREET.

The Heroine a Chaperon, Companion and Press Agent to an Actress Some Paths Which Seemed to Be a Great Deal—Lawrence What Makes Good.

Gertrude Quinlan was once upon a time a bright, particular sort of the Castle Square brand and hurriedly diverse through various airs in the tiny organization of Henry W. Savage. Now this astute purveyor of public dainties has always had a hunch that Miss Quinlan was a subterfuge of star magnitude and that she could shine on a first night if the dramatic weather was proper. Her time has arrived and a firmament has been found for her.

She emerged as a thoroughgoing, hallmarked star last night at Miss Quinlan's Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. The play was admitted to be a farce and it was the imperiousness of the role and she was assisted by a lot of smaller stars and some assorted popular. There was an audience in which actor people were not inconspicuous and there was a generous amount of that happy first night applause and laughter which greets all productions in those days of theatrical venture.

Sewell Collins, who did not appear and make a speech after the second act, wrote this play. There is an episode showing how a young physician undertook to write a play in two hours. Whether it had any reference to the facts attending the birth of "Miss Patsy" cannot be conjectured, but during a considerable part of the second act it seemed as if such might have been the case. For it was at this period that Miss Quinlan was called upon to drop the invigorating assurance which had previously been her stock in trade, to discover that every one had been making fun of her and to lapse into the pathos of an exploded bomb.

It was here that for a few minutes "Miss Patsy" seemed to be on the verge of becoming a serious and even a melancholy matter, but the curtain fell on a laugh and the third act was happier. The farce is frankly farcical and must not be subjected to critical consideration. The heroine is a stage-struck girl, the daughter of an actor and the self-appointed companion, chaperon, guardian and press agent of a popular actress. One of her press agent yarns about the rescue of the actress from drowning by a dashing young naval officer starts the action of the play and serves to introduce the very self-possessed young first comedian, capably acted by Lawrence Wheat.

The situations which follow are all wildly improbable, but they are amusing, and that is all that any one should ask of them. One of the most ludicrous is that which compels the young lieutenant to pose as the author of a one act play which Rear Admiral Gilroy (Hardie Kirkland) calls upon him to exhibit in order that his superior officer may read it.

Some of the action last night seemed a little forced, but on the other hand all the scenes were so constructed as to give a liberal exhibition of Miss Quinlan's bag of tricks, went very glibly and the audience seemed to like them. Miss Quinlan's pert manner of speaking, her sniffs of disapproval, her by-play in imitation of other personages on the stage and her untrusting business of movement were her chief claims to favor. Her pathos, as already intimated, was her least persuasive implement. What has pathos to do with a thoroughly farcical farce anyhow?

Miss Quinlan's chief aids were Dorothy Tennant, who played the popular actress very well indeed and wore an almost hobble gown with an air of near content. Florence Nash, who as the Admiral's niece, Clara Gilroy, had opportunities to talk baby blue dialogue and to make dolls' eyes at a man, Minna Black, who did a neat bit as the malicious woman of the stock company, and Robert Kelley, who was extremely rustic as a Maryland farmer. As a late summer or early fall show "Miss Patsy" is acceptable.

Nobility Leaves the Metropolitan. Count Gino Centanni, who has acted for the last two years as private secretary to Giulio Gatti-Casazza and has in that way played an important part in the direction of the Metropolitan Opera House, will not be connected with the institution hereafter. His place has been taken by R. A. Coppens, who has been connected with the Metropolitan Opera House and was for several years secretary to Heinrich Conried. He will act during the coming season as private secretary to Mr. Gatti-Casazza.

Countess Centanni, who is known professionally as Jane Noria, will not be heard of in the Metropolitan Opera House. She will sing in Mexico and later go to the Grand Opera, where she has been engaged for a season. In the spring she will return to this country to sing in concert.

"The Arcadians" Moved. The Knickerbocker to the New York Theatre for an indefinite run. The cast includes Connie Ediss, Frank Moulan, Julia Sanderson and Percival Knight.

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"THE GIRL LEFT BEHIND ME."

The Academy of Music Welcomes a Production at Small Prices.

It was a large and enthusiastic audience which gathered in the old Academy of Music last evening to enjoy and pass a new judgment upon David Belasco's and Franklin Fyles' American drama "The Girl I Left Behind Me," played by the newly organized Academy of Music stock company. It was the opening of the Academy under the new management and the first essay of the newly constituted permanent company, which next week is to present "Strongheart."

The management, according to its own representations, has set out to give to the Academy patrons dollar and a half drama at the popular prices, which run from 10 cents to 50, and the audience last evening left no doubt of its appreciation of the performance. And its satisfaction with actors and management alike. Expression of its approval was not restricted to hand clapping and the applause ran into whistling in the galleries when the dozen or more horses of the rescuing cavalry party burst into the beleaguered stockade in the third act.

The company performed worthily both in its principals and the less prominent actors, each of whom regarded his task, of less, seriously and had studiously sought its opportunity of expression. It is not an unkindness to the actors or to the management which has been at pains to get them together to suggest that in their speech and sometimes in their movements or gestures they gave the impression last evening of not having been altogether accustomed to playing in a large theatre as the Academy, whose amplitudinous spaces swallowed up some of their syllables or ran them into confusion, a defect that doubtless will promptly correct itself.

Byron Douglas, Edward Lynch, John T. Dwyer, Victor Browne, Priscilla Knowles, Anna Hollinger, Corinne Cantwell, Joseph Phillips and George V. Rodell were the principal players. The first two of the company's members distinguished by the audience with applause. Prior to the third act the management made announcement from the stage of its plans, hopes and desires, declared the excellence of the company's membership and won the hearty plaudits of the audience by announcing that, while the previous evening's performance was a request by telephone for seats at the modest prices determined upon would secure the delivery of the tickets.

"Our Miss Gibbs" is in the main the work of James Tanner and Ivan Carlyle and Lionel Monckton. It has a slowly moving plot, such as all their pieces possess, and there are the usual episodes that are naive to the point of childish simplicity. The very point of humor of the comedians offering agreeable contrast to the daintiness of the women. Like one of its early predecessors, the action begins in a large shop and the heroine is employed there as a salesgirl.

Attentive listeners who have a long experience in detecting the plots of these musical affairs can readily recognize the very slightest trace of one were bound to declare that "Our Miss Gibbs" was supposed to be a love story with an Earl, who was masquerading as a bank clerk; that the heroine was betrothed to a young lady of title who in turn loved somebody else better than her affianced.

That was after the first act and those experts who kept on the trail of the plot were very positive after the performance that this young lady was very glad to get rid of her titled lover, very much preferring her own choice; that a racing cup has been stolen by an amateur burglar, and that in the end Miss Gibbs married the young lord, although his father did try to buy her off. Finding out all this, however, was not nearly so easy as it might appear.

There were few strangers concerned in introducing "Our Miss Gibbs" to New York. Pauline Chase, who has won London fame, Fred Wright, Jr., and Ernest Lambert, two comedians well known in the city, who are a strongly united product, together with Julia James and Jean Allyn were the principals in the acting, dancing and singing. Gertrude Vanderbilt, another familiar figure on the local stage, was the most enthusiastic applause of the evening by her dance in the first act, which was such a marvel of grace and dexterity that the puzzled audience wondered why she who did not appear again.

There was a substitute in the person of Kitty Mason who introduced what the old programmes called a "terpsichorean divertissement" in the second act that was sufficiently novel and statuesque in its way although it was not received with the same cordiality aroused by Miss Vanderbilt's grace and abandon.

Pauline Chase has a demure charm that made her agreeable in the title role, although there were no signs last night that she had artistically outgrown the pink pajamas with which her fame here is associated. Certainly no courageous invader of the musical field ever had a

Charles F. Porter, 55 years old, died in Montreal, N. S., yesterday at his home of his son, John Porter, who was born in Auburn, N. Y. He was a mechanical engineer. In recognition of his work in advancing the knowledge of steam engines, he received the John Fritz medal in 1907. He was married and had three children. He was educated at Hamilton College. He was graduated in the class of 1885. His death was the result of a heart ailment. He was the counsel in a case involving the validity of a patent, and the negligence which he found necessary to acquire in defending the claim of his client inspired him to abandon the legal profession and devote his life to engineering.

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A GAIETY THEATRE COMEDY

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But Still Amusing and Tameful. Pauline Chase Can't Outlive Those Pajamas. It Seems Gertrude Vanderbilt's Dance Meets Generous Applause.

That large part of New York's population that finds the presence of an English musical farce indispensable to its happiness may now regard the theatrical season as fairly well under way. "Our Miss Gibbs" came to the Knickerbocker Theatre last night. For two years this musical play has prospered in London, and reports of its quality along with some of its music had been heard here. What prejudiced New Yorkers most in its favor was the knowledge that at least a part of the musical numbers had been written by the composers of "The Arcadians." The size of the audience at the Knickerbocker last night proved that London still inspires confidence as the source of those plays and there was every evidence of satisfaction with the latest specimen of them.

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